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# DARKstalkers™



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# DARKWALKERS™



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# DARKstalkers™



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# **DARKSTALKERS**



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65  
MILLION  
YEARS  
AGO...

THE  
PLANET OF  
HELLSTORM GAVE  
BIRTH TO PERON,  
ITS CHAMPION AND  
ITS END.




BASED  
IN VIOLENCE,  
BATTLE AND WAR,  
HELLSTORM'S CIVILIZATION  
HELD NO PLACE  
FOR WEAKNESS. IT WAS  
CENTERED ON A SINGLE  
DEFINING PRINCIPLE:  
EVOLUTION.

INSTEAD OF  
MERCY WAS THE  
FUNDAMENTAL BELIEF  
THAT ONLY THE FITTEST  
SURVIVED. EXISTENCE  
WAS A LUXURY TO BE  
ENJOYED ONLY BY THE  
STRONGEST.



EACH GENERATION  
EVOLVED, EXCEEDING AND  
CONQUERING THE PREVIOUS  
WITH RUTHLESS EFFICIENCY.  
EVERY BEING BETTERED ITS  
PROGENITOR AND DESTROYED  
ITS PAST TO ENSURE  
ITS FUTURE.

IT WAS  
THOUGHT THAT THIS  
CYCLE OF REFINEMENT  
WOULD CONTINUE TOWARDS  
ETERNITY, PRODUCING  
A RACE OF INFINITELY  
POWERFUL, INFINITELY  
EVOLVED BEINGS.



THAT  
PRESUPPOSITION  
WAS PROVEN WRONG,  
HOWEVER, WHEN THE  
CYCLE CAME TO  
AN END.

THE PINNACLE  
OF EVOLUTION WAS  
REACHED BY ONLY  
A SINGLE BEING OF  
HELLSTORM...



PERON.



PURON  
SHED THE  
TRAPPINGS OF  
CORPOREAL EXISTENCE,  
DISCARDING HIS  
PHYSICAL FORM TO  
BECOME A GOD-LIKE  
BEING OF PURE  
ENERGY.



HIS  
POWER GREW  
UNEARTHOMALLY,  
LIMITED ONLY BY  
THE BOUNDARIES  
OF HIS MIND.



SOON HIS  
PLANET COULD NO  
LONGER HOLD HIM OR  
PROVIDE THE NECESSARY  
SUSTENANCE NEEDED  
TO MAINTAIN HIS  
IMMATERIAL  
FORM.

HE FELT  
A DEEPENING,  
OVERWHELMING  
HUNGER -- A HUNGER  
THAT COULD ONLY  
BE SATISFIED BY  
DEVOURING ENTIRE  
PLANETS...




BEGINNING  
WITH HIS  
OWN.

A close-up of a large, red, multi-fingered hand reaching out from the darkness of space. The hand is surrounded by wisps of smoke or energy.

BUT STILL  
UNSATISFIED, PYRON  
LOOKED OUT AT THE  
UNIVERSE, TO OTHER  
GALAXIES AND  
STARS IN SEARCH OF  
MORE DELICIOUS  
WORLDS.

A large, fiery, red hand is shown striking the Earth. The impact is creating a massive explosion of fire and smoke. The Earth is visible on the right side of the frame, partially obscured by the explosion.

ONE SUCH  
WORLD WAS  
THE PLANET THAT  
WOULD ONE  
DAY BE CALLED  
'EARTH.'

Pyron, a large, muscular, red-skinned figure with a long, thin, red staff or spear, is shown in a dynamic pose. He is looking towards the Earth, which is visible on the right side of the frame. The background is a dark, starry space.

PYRON  
FORESAW THAT  
THIS PLANET WOULD,  
GIVEN TIME, GROW RICH A  
IN A WIDE VARIETY OF LIFE  
FORMS, SOME OF WHICH  
WOULD POSSESS GREAT  
LIFE-ENERGIES THAT  
COULD SATIATE HIS  
VAST HUNGER.



IN  
ANTICIPATION  
PYRON CREATED  
A LEGION OF  
AUTOMATIONS-  
THE HUNZIL  
ROBOTS

PLANTED  
UNDER THE PLANET'S  
SURFACE, THEY WERE TO  
MONITOR ITS DEVELOPMENT  
AND NOTIFY THEIR CREATOR  
WHEN IT HAD POPULATED  
ITSELF WITH BEINGS  
WORTHY OF BEING  
DEVoured.



FOR THE  
TIME BEING PYRON  
DECIDED TO LEAVE THE  
PLANET AND ALLOW  
IT TO 'RIPEN' AS HE  
SCOURED THE UNIVERSE  
FOR OTHER  
WORLD'S



THAT  
SEARCH TOOK HIM  
TO THE UNIVERSE'S  
FURTHEST LIMITS  
WHERE HE DESTROYED  
COUNTLESS WORLDS  
AND SPECIES.

BUT IT WAS  
THAT SMALL BLUE  
PLANET HE SPARED  
THAT HIS APPETITE  
TRULY YEARNED  
FOR.



65 MILLION YEARS LATER...

I TELL YOU, THAT STAR IS AN LLOMEN...

DAMN WORLD'S BEEN GOING TO HELL EVER SINCE THE BLOODY THING FIRST SHOWED ITSELF.

HELL... I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THAT STAR WAS JUST JUDGMENT DAY KNOCKING AT OUR FRONT DOORS...

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST... EVERYWHERE'S GONE MAD! THE DEAD WALKING THE STREETS... RESTLESS SPIRITS TORMENTING THE LIVING... INHUMAN CREATURES CREEPING IN THE NIGHT...

FOOL, I'M TALKING ABOUT DARKSTALKERS!!!

OLD MAN, I THINK YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH SEAWATER!

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT WITHOUT WATCHING OUT FOR BOGEYMEN GOING BUMP IN THE NIGHT.

DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN ALL THAT SUPERNATURAL BUNK!

SUPERNATURAL... UNNATURAL... PARANORMAL... WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, ALL I KNOW IS THAT THEY'RE REAL!

I'VE TALKED TO PEOPLE WHO'VE SEEN THE MOST BIZARRE, UNHOLY THINGS YOU COULD IMAGINE. MY SEA-SHIPPING COMPANY'S TAKEN ME AROUND THE WORLD, AND WHEREVER I GO, IT'S ALL THE SAME...



...DARKSTALKERS...  
THEY'RE  
EVERYWHERE.

GRAVEYARDS  
HAVE BEEN RUMBLING  
WITH UNREST AND COFFINS  
HAVE BEEN BURSTING FROM  
BENEATH THE GROUND...  
TORN OPEN FROM THE  
INSIDE.

EVERYWHERE  
FROM AUSTRALIA TO  
EGYPT, THE DEAD HAVE  
BEEN HAVING TROUBLE  
STAYING THAT WAY EVER  
SINCE THAT STAR  
APPEARED.

AND  
THAT HSN'T  
THE ONLY LAW  
OF NATURE THAT'S  
BEEN BEADING  
LATELY.

I'VE BEEN  
HEARING ABOUT  
DARKSTALKER HALF-  
BREEDS... HALF-HUMAN,  
HALF-ANIMAL THINGS THAT  
HAVE NO BUSINESS  
EXISTING IN  
NATURE.

JUST  
OUTSIDE LONDON,  
SOME HUNTERS WENT  
INTO THE WOODS AND NOT  
A ONE CAME BACK. IT WASN'T  
UNTIL TWO WEEKS LATER  
THAT THEY FOUND WHAT  
WAS LEFT OF THEIR  
BODIES.

PAPERS  
TRIED TO PASS  
IT OFF AS A RANDOM  
WOLF ATTACK, BUT THE GUY  
WHO DID THE INVESTIGATIONS  
--THE AUTOPSIES AND  
WHATNOT--HE JUST  
HAPPENED TO BE  
AN OLD DRINKING BUDDY  
OF MINE AND HE WAS  
SINGING A VERY DIFFERENT  
TUNE. WEREWOLF  
HE SAID.

AND  
WEREWOLVES  
AREN'T EVEN  
THE HALF  
OF IT...

SOME  
PEOPLE THINK WE  
SHOULD CUT THESE  
CAT-PEOPLE SOME  
SLACK... THAT THEY'RE  
JUST LIKE YOU  
OR ME...

BUT NO  
MATTER HOW  
YOU DRESS  
IT UP, HUMAN  
IS SOMETHING  
THEY'RE  
NOT.

NOT THAT  
HUMANS ARE MUCH  
BETTER...WHO KNOWS  
WHAT THOSE GODLESS  
SCIENTISTS ARE  
UP TO THESE  
DAYS.

OUT OVER  
IN EASTERN EUROPE  
SOMEWHERE, SOME CRAZY SON  
OF A BITCH HAS BEEN CHOPPING  
UP CORPSES, STITCHING THE  
PIECES TOGETHER AND TRYING  
TO BRING THE HUNK  
OF DEAD FLESH  
TO LIFE.

I JUST  
HOPE TO GOD  
THAT HE WASN'T  
SUCCESSFUL.

I'VE EVEN  
BEEN AS FAR AS EAST  
ASIA AND IT'S NO DIFFERENT  
OVER THERE. THE CHINESE  
COUNTRYMEN PRACTICALLY  
OVERLAP BY KUANG-SHI  
OR WHATEVER THEY CALL  
THOSE CHINESE  
GHOSTS.

AND NOT  
FAR FROM THERE.  
THERE'S THIS ANCIENT  
SUIT OF SAMURAI ARMOR.  
THEY SAY BROUGHT  
TO LIFE BY ITS  
OWN DESIRE  
TO KILL.

THE  
THING COMES  
TO LIFE EVERY NIGHT  
TO FEED ITS SWORD'S  
UNQUENCHABLE BLOOD-  
THIRST WHILE SOME  
POOR SOUL IS  
TRAPPED INSIDE  
OF IT.

ENCHANTED  
ARMORED CHINESE  
GHOSTS? JESUS, I CAN'T  
BELIEVE YOU TAKE THAT  
SERIOUSLY. MEF I DON'T  
BELIEVE NOTHING I  
DON'T SEE WITH MY  
OWN EYES.

WHAT  
IF I TOLD  
YOU I'VE SEEN  
A DARKSTALKER'S  
HANDWORK  
FIRSTHAND?



LESS THAN  
A HUNDRED MILES  
FROM HERE AT ONE  
OF THE COMPANY  
WAREHOUSES...

I WAS IN  
THE OFFICE GRABBING  
SOME PAPERWORK, BUT  
THEN I SAW SOMETHING  
I'LL NEVER FORGET...  
THE FACE OF BUL  
ITSELF...OR  
HERSELF.

THE GUARDS  
HAD CORNBRED HER...  
A TERRIBLE CREATURE  
WITH WINGS JUTTING OUT  
OF HER HEAD, BACLES  
COMING FROM HER BACK  
AND A SICK, TWISTED,  
GRINNING FACE.

BUT IT  
WASN'T THE GUARDS  
THAT TRAPPED HER--  
IT WAS SHE WHO WAS  
TOYING WITH THEM,  
LURING THEM TO THEIR  
DEATHS.

SHE TORE  
THEM APART...  
GUTTED THEM...  
SLAUGHTERED  
THEM...





I  
SAW IT  
WITH MY OWN  
EYES...

AND I  
THINK YOU'VE  
SEEN THE BOTTOM  
OF TOO MANY  
PINTS.

YOU  
"BURRRP"  
MIGHT BE  
RIGHT...

LET ME  
WALK YOU OUT.  
I WAS HEADING  
HOME NOW,  
ANYWAY.



YEAH, YEAH,  
AND HELL, THE  
END'S NEAR ANYWAY. IF  
I MEET A DARKSTALKER  
ALONG THE WAY, GOING  
A DAY OR TWO  
EARLY IS NO BIG  
DEAL.

YOU'LL  
BE ALRIGHT ON  
YOUR OWN, OLD  
MAN?



BUT JUST  
KNOW THAT I GAVE  
YOU FAIR WARNING--  
EVERYTHING I SAID WAS  
TRUE. THOSE DARKSTALKERS  
HAVE LOTS OF FACES.  
SO IF YOU EVER COME  
ACROSS ONE OF THOSE  
BLASPHEMOUS  
THINGS, PRAY.

THAT'S  
ALL YOU'LL  
HAVE TIME TO DO  
BEFORE YOU  
DIE.



DON'T  
WORRY, I THINK  
I'D KNOW WHAT A  
MONSTER LOOKS LIKE IF  
I EVER SAW ONE, AND I  
PROMISE I'LL STEER  
CLEAR. TAKE IT EASY,  
OLD MAN.







I DON'T HAVE ONE... MY HUSBAND AND I IMMIGRATED HERE WITH NOTHING. WE WERE IN DEBT AND THE BANK TOOK EVERYTHING AWAY.



THERE'S NO FAMILY OR FRIENDS YOU CAN GO TO?

NO... NO ONE...



...



LOOK, I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK THIS IS SOMETHING I DO EVERYDAY. BUT IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE TO GO... I HAVE SOME ROOM...

I COULDN'T...

IT'D BE NO PROBLEM.



YOU COULD GET CLEANED UP AND GET SOME REST UNTIL YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IN THE MORNING. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE SOMETHING TO EAT TOO...

I...I HAVEN'T EATEN IN A LONG TIME.

BY THE WAY, I'M JACK.

I'M ANN.

THANK YOU, JACK.

LATER...

SORRY  
I COULDN'T  
OFFER ANYTHING  
BESIDES A  
SANDWICH.

OH,  
DON'T  
APOLOGIZE.  
THANK YOU,  
YOU'RE TOO  
KIND...

I DON'T  
ENTERTAIN GUESTS  
TOO OFTEN, AS YOU  
CAN SEE FROM THE MESS.  
A WOMAN'S TOUCH  
IS SOMETHING THIS  
PLACE IS DEFINITELY  
LACKING.

REALLY?  
ISN'T THIS YOU  
AND YOUR  
WIFE?

WHAT?  
OH, NO, THOSE  
ARE MY PARENTS.  
THEY DIED A  
LITTLE AFTER THAT  
PICTURE WAS  
TAKEN...

...BEEN  
ON MY OWN  
EVER  
SINCE.

I  
SEE YOU  
INHERITED YOUR  
FATHER'S GOOD  
LOOKS.

I'M  
SURPRISED  
YOU HAVEN'T  
FOUND YOURSELF  
A NICE GIRL TO  
SETTLE DOWN  
WITH.

I'M  
OUT AT SEA  
FISHING MOST  
OF THE YEAR,  
SOMETIMES  
WEEKS AT  
A TIME.

IT'S NOT  
EXACTLY THE MOST  
CONDUCTIVE OCCUPATION  
FOR MAINTAINING  
RELATIONSHIPS.

HEH, I'LL  
PROBABLY DIE  
OLD, ALONE  
AND WITHOUT  
A DIME TO MY  
NAME.

A KIND-HEARTED  
FELLOW LIKE YOU? I'M  
SURE ONE WAY OR THE  
OTHER, YOU'LL FIND  
HAPPINESS...

OH,  
LOOK AT  
THE TIME!

I SHOULDN'T  
KEEP YOU. IF I COULD  
TROUBLE YOU FOR A  
BLANKET, I'LL SLEEP  
OUT HERE...

NO,  
YOU'LL TAKE  
THE BED AND I'LL  
TAKE THE COUCH.  
YOU'RE IN LUCK--I  
JUST WASHED THE  
SHEETS.

THANK  
YOU.

GOODNIGHT,  
ANN.

GOODNIGHT,  
JACK.

SWEET  
DREAMS...





JACK...



JACK...



JACK...



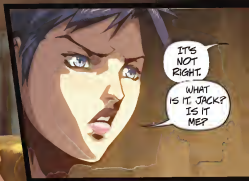
I  
COULDN'T  
SLEEP

A-ANN?!  
W-WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

I  
JUST WANTED  
TO THANK  
YOU...

WAIT!  
NO, THAT'S  
NOT WHY I  
BROUGHT YOU  
HERE!

YOU-YOU'RE  
IN AN EMOTIONAL  
STATE WITH YOUR  
HUSBAND AND ALL.  
I'M SORRY-I'M  
FLATTERED-BUT  
I CAN'T.



IT'S  
NOT  
RIGHT.  
WHAT  
IS IT, JACK?  
IS IT  
ME?





WITHOUT  
ANY  
MASKS.

Y-YOU'RE  
A  
DARKSTALK-

SHHHH...

DON'T  
BE AFRAID,  
JACK...

I  
PROMISE  
I WON'T  
BITE...

CASTLE AENSLAND.

THE MAKAI

THE DETECT REALM.

MADAM MORRIGAN!

!!!

LUCIEN!  
MUDO!

OH  
MUDO, I DON'T  
KNOW WHY YOU  
TWO FUSS  
OVER ME SO  
MUCH.

LORD  
BELIAL WOULD HAVE  
OUR INTESTINES IF HE  
KNEW HIS SOLE HEIR WAS  
OFF GALLIVANTING IN THE  
HUMAN WORLD EVERY  
OTHER NIGHT!

BY  
BEELZEBUB'S  
BILE, DO YOU  
REALIZE HOW LONG  
YOU'VE BEEN  
OUT?

WORRIED  
FOR YOUR  
SAFETY, WE  
WERE!

I'M OVER  
300 YEARS OLD.  
I'M NOT A CHILD ANYMORE,  
LUCIEN. I'D DIE IF I WERE  
COOPED UP IN THIS  
CASTLE ALL THE  
TIME.

BE THAT  
AS IT MAY, I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND WHY YOU  
INSIST ON SPENDING  
SO MUCH TIME  
IN THAT FILTHY  
REALM.





SIGH...  
YOU'LL NEVER  
UNDERSTAND.  
HUMANS HAVE SUCH  
SWEET SOULS  
AND DELICIOUS  
DREAMS TO  
FEED ON.

I TAKE  
THEIR LIFE OF  
TOIL AND SUFFERING IN  
EXCHANGE FOR ETERNAL  
BLISS. IT'S A GOOD  
ARRANGEMENT.

I STILL  
THINK YOU SPEND  
FAR TOO MUCH TIME  
THERE. THERE'S A REASON  
THE HUMAN WORLD IS  
ONLY FOR EXILES AND  
LESS CIVILIZED  
DEMONS.

LIKE THAT  
IMPUDENT DEMITRI  
MAXIMOV, FOR EXAMPLE.  
I REMEMBER THE DAY  
LOVE BELIA THREW HIS  
CHERRED, DEFEATED  
CORPSE INTO EXILE AFTER  
HIS PATNETIC COUP  
ATTEMPT.

YOUR  
FOOD, TOY  
WITH, YOU  
SHOULD  
NOT.

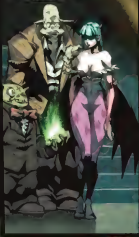
BUT  
I ENJOY  
BRINGING  
THEM  
HAPPINESS.

WHAT A  
SIGHT THAT  
WAS.

I HAD  
NEVER SEEN  
FATHER SO  
ANGRY.

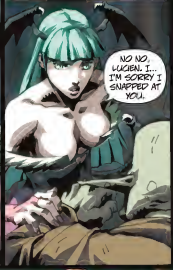
SPEAKING  
OF YOUR FATHER,  
THAT'S ANOTHER  
REASON YOU  
SHOULD BE MORE  
CAREFUL.

YOU  
ARE HIS ONLY  
CHILD, AND HE IS  
NOT AS STRONG  
AS HE ONCE  
WAS--



SILENCE!  
FATHER'S AS  
POWERFUL  
AS EVER! DON'T  
YOU DARE SAY  
OTHERWISE!

I-I  
APOLOGIZE,  
MADAM. I  
MEANT NO  
INSULT...



NO NO,  
LUCIFER. I...  
I'M SORRY I  
SNAPPED AT  
YOU.



YOU  
KNOW HOW  
SENSITIVE I GET WHEN  
IT COMES TO FATHER.  
MAYBE IT'S TIME  
I GOT SOME  
REST.

AS  
YOU WISH,  
MADAM.

THANK  
YOU, BOTH,  
FOR ALWAYS  
WATCHING OUT  
FOR ME. GOOD  
NIGHT.

GOOD  
NIGHT, MADAM  
MORRIGAN.



ROMANIA

IS IT  
TIME?

WE'VE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR HIM FOR  
SO LONG.

WE  
CAN BARELY  
CONTAIN OUR  
ANTICIPATION.

PATIENCE,  
LADIES. THE MASTER  
IS STILL GATHERING HIS  
STRENGTH. BUT SOON  
ENOUGH HE SHALL  
BE READY TO  
REVEAL HIS TRUE  
POWER.

AS HIS DEVOTED  
SERVANTS, YOU SHALL  
HAVE THE IMMENSE  
HONOR OF BEING THE  
FIRST TO WITNESS  
HIS RETURN TO  
GLORY...

THE  
RETURN OF  
**DEMITRI  
MAXIMOV!!!**

TO BE CONTINUED...

# DARKSTALKERS™

Story: Ken Siu-Chong

Art: Mark Brooks

Colors: Danimation

## THE WIELDING OF DHYLEC

THE  
DEMON-SWORD,  
DHYLEC, HAS BEEN  
IMPRISONED WITHIN THIS  
TEMPLE SINCE IT WAS  
TAKEN FROM ITS DARK  
MASTER'S DEAD  
HAND.

IF YOU  
HAVE TRULY  
DEDICATED YOUR SOUL  
TO THE PURPOSE OF HUNTING  
THE DARK ONES-TO CLEANSSE  
THEIR PRESENCE FROM THIS  
WORLD-YOU WILL NEED  
DHYLEC'S TERRIBLE  
POWER.

BUT  
BEWARE, THE  
BLADE POSSESSES  
A WILL AND DESIRE OF  
ITS OWN. IT TOOK OVER  
ONE HUNDRED OF THE MOST  
POWERFUL PRIESTS TO  
CONTAIN IT IN THIS  
CHAMBER.

NO ONE  
HAS EVER HAD THE  
SPIRITUAL STRENGTH  
TO WIELD IT, AND THOSE  
WHO HAVE TRIED  
HAVE MET THEIR  
DOOM.

THE  
DOOR SHALL  
BE SEALED BEHIND  
YOU, AND IF YOU ARE NOT  
SUCCESSFUL, IT SHALL NOT  
BE REOPENED. ARE YOU  
PREPARED TO TAKE THAT  
RISK, BROTHER  
DONOVAN?

I  
AM, YOU  
MAY SEAL THE  
CHAMBER.



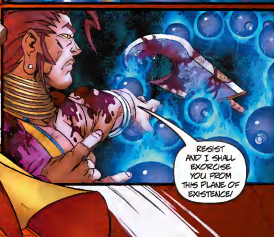
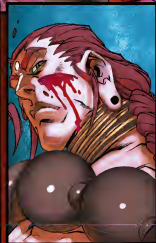


KROOO

「この  
魔物の  
力は  
想像  
以上  
だ  
ぞ」

「PHYLEC...」

「YOU HAVE  
BEEN WITHOUT  
A MASTER FOR  
TOO LONG A  
TIME.





IT HAS BEEN LONG  
SINCE YOU LAST  
TASTED BLOOD.  
HAS IT  
NOT?



IF IT  
IS BLOOD  
YOU DESIRE,  
SUBMIT TO MY  
CONTROL.



I  
PROMISE YOU THAT,  
TOGETHER, WE WILL  
RUN THE RIVERS RED  
WITH THE BLOOD OF  
DARKSTALKERS!



TO be  
continued...

